

GRAB THE MILLIONAIRE

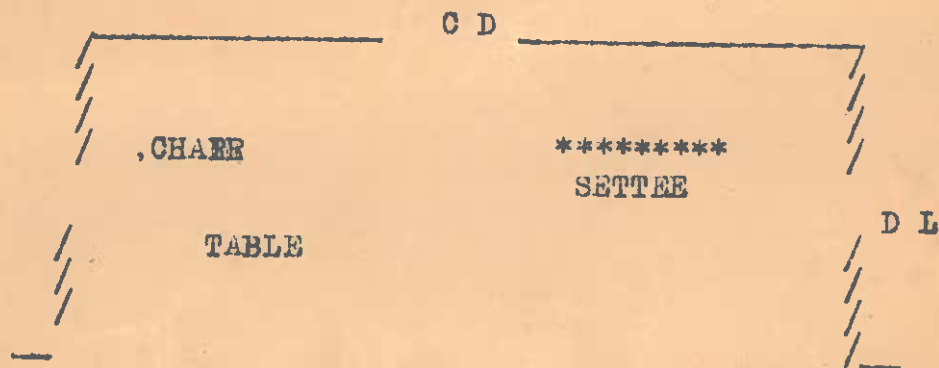
WRITTEN BY JOHNNIE SPEER

GRAB THE MILLIONAIRE

CHARACTERS

MITZIE DEVERE INGENUE
MRS DEVERE..... CHARACTER
PANSY..... COMEDY MAID
JIMMIE..... JUVENILE
STEPHEN J. WALKER..... NEAT CHARACTER OLD MAN

SET



A neat interior of a moderate bungalow in a small town near Pittsburg Pennsylvania.

Props

Bundles and boxes
Coat
Candy boxes two
pearls
newspaper
hall rack

GRAB THE MILLIONAIRE

MRS DEVERE

(Enters R. She is a woman of about forty five, stern looking and painted and powdered in an unnatural attempt to look young. She wears a gorgeous evening gown which she is very proud of.) Pansy! Pansy! (no answer) Oh that girl will drive me insane. She's positively useless as a servant. Pansy! (very loud)

Pansy

(off L) Yes mama

Mrs

Come here when I call you.

Pansy

I can't come now, Mrs Devere.

Mrs

Why not?

Pansy

I'm reading something terrible?

Mrs

What is it, whizz Bang.

Pansy

No a newspaper.

Mrs

Well bring in it here, and read it to me.

Pansy

(enter with newspaper. She is comedy maid. Should be done by a man) Oh its awful, just awful.

Mrs

Well, go on and read it.

Pansy

You know that classical dancer at the Grand Theatre. Well/
You know the one that dances with all those snakes.

Mrs

Yes.

Pansy

Listen to this. (reads) Gertrude Huffman while dancing was bitten by her pet snake Cheopatra.

Mrs

Thats terrible. Where did the snake bite her?

Pansy

(looks) Between the overture and the climax.

Mrs

Thats terrible, but the next time I call you I want you to jump.

Pansy

I can't jump, it jars my brain.

Mrs

You Haven't any brains.

Pansy

Maybe not, but I'm getting along awfully well with them.

Mrs

Pansy, have you seen my daughter?

Pansy

Yes, she's in her room all dressing up like Astor's horse. She's going to wear that new dress she made, and---

Mrs

The one she made. My land why don't she wear the one Mr Walker sent her?

Pansy

I don't know.

Mrs
She's terribly exasperating at times. I'm certainly wearing the one he sent me. Don't you think I look well with it on.

Pansy
Well you wouldn't look so good without it on, I'll tell you that.

Mrs
Mr Walker is coming to see Mitzie tonight.

Pansy
Is he?

Mrs
And don't say anything Pansy, but I think that he is going to propose.

Pansy
Who to---you?

Mrs
No, Mitzie of course.

Pansy
Good land he's old enough to be her father.

Mrs
That doesn't make any difference; he's wealthy.

Pansy
Aw, I see you're after the money.

Mrs
I certainly am. Money is everything in this world.

Pansy
Yes, a girl is very foolish to marry for love nowadays if she can marry for money. (sighing) It makes me think of when I was young. Just think I married a lousy ice man without a dime, when I could have married saloon keeper.

Mrs
I married for love too, but if I had it do over again, I'd have the money.

Pansy
Me too! Oh I loved my husband though. But just a year after we were married mortification sat in and he died.

Mrs
Did he?

Pansy
I think so, they buried him any way. After he died I used to set up until three o'clock in the morning look out of the window waiting for two cats on a fence to have a fight, so I could go to sleep. My husband loved me though---but at a distance.. He thought so much of me that he went and got me a thousand dollar Christmas present.

Mrs
A thousand dollar Christmas present? What did he get you?

Pansy
A years work in a laundry.

Mrs
You must have had a wonderful husband.

Pansy
Yes, he thought he was. He was always sick, and couldn't work. I promised to love him and obey him, but I'd be durned if I was going to support him. I never will forget the day I called the doctor for him and the doctor said that he would have to be sent to a warmer climate.

Mrs
And what did you do?

Pansy
I went and got the axe but didn't have nerve enough to use it.

Mrs

Paney, you're impossible.

Pansy

I wouldn't be the least bit surprised. When my husband was on his death bed, the preacher came over to see him, and asked him to repent for his sins or else go to hell. And would you believe it, my husband looked at me, and then said he guessed he could go there because he was used to it.

Mrs

(sniffing) Pansy, what is that I smell?

Pansy

~~74401dmd/a/dyrd/addydwa/~~ Might be me. I opened the door
this morning and there was a cat standing on the step, but it
wasn't the kind of kitty I thought it would be.

Mrs

No, no, I smell meat burning.

Pansy

Oh my land, thats my corn beef and cabbage. (exit)

Mrs

Well get it out of here, I don't want the house all smelled up when Mr Wabker comes over. -

Mitze

(enters R in a simple evening gown. She is very young and pretty)
Oh is Mr Walker coming over, Mother?

Mrs

Yes, and I wanted you to wear the dress he gave you. Why wear that thing?

Mitzi

Woll--er, Jimmie--

Mrs

Jimmie likes it, huh. Well you go take it off and put on the dress that Mr Walker likes, and forget all about that little pinhead Jimmie.

Mitzi e

Mother!

Mrs

You heard what I said. Mitzie, haven't you any brains at all? Don't you realize that Mr Walker is crazy about you, and that he would marry you?

Mitze

But I don't want to marry him.

Mrs

You don't want to? And him owning half of the steel mills in Pittsburgh? Why he's worth millions, and he's kind and not so bad looking. Oh my land I've raised a fool.

Mitze

But mother he's twice, three times as old as I am?

Mrs

What difference does that make? ~~With his money~~ For his money I'd marry Mathusela, and think he was a shiek.

Mitzie

Money isn't everything.

Mrs

No, but its ninety nine and ninety nine hundreds of all there is in life.

Mitzie

Love is the greatest thing in the world.

Mr S

Love! You don't know what love is. Just because some good looking sup looks calf eyed at you and tells you a lot of lies

you get dizzy in the dome and think you're in love. Mitzie,
I'm going to give you some pills tonight. You're bilious.

Mitzie

Mother, where did you learn such slang.

Mrs

I've been reading Whizz Bang.

Mitzie

You never acted like this before.

Mrs

But I'm changed, now, daughter. I'm tired of being poor. I've been poor all of my life, and I've worked like a dog. Now you've got a chance to marry a man who could give me a comfortable home and I wouldn't have to work any more for the rest of my life. Mitzie, you owe this to me. I've raised you, and supported you myself ever since your father died when you were four years old. I've taken in sewing and worked like a nigger to send you to school and educate you, so that you could win someone like Mr Walker, and now when you have the chance you turn him down for a lovesick fool like Jimmie West.

Mitzie

Oh I wish I'd never met Stephen J. Walker.

Mrs

Well, I don't. Look at all the swell stuff he give me. Look at that fur coat, this dress. Landsakes I wish I was you Mitzie, I'd own those steel mills of his by now. There's nothing slow about your old maw. No sir. Money talks, and I never heard it stutter in my life.

Mitzie

But mother you married for love, didn't you?

Mrs

Yes, and now look at me. An old woman all wrinkled up, hands all boney and rough. Have to pile powder and paint on now so thick it nearly wrights me down. All I've got to show for marrying for love is you, and you're half witted.

Mitzie

Mother!

Mrs

Well you are. Loving that Jimmie West, a common worker in old Stephen J. Walker's steel mill. Jimmie West, never will be anything. Just cause he's young and good looking you think you'd like to give your life to him. I know what would happen. You'd be marrying Jimmie, and in a year or so Jimmie would get killed in the mill, and then you'd be coming home to me with half dozen little Jimmies for me to take care of.

Mitzie

Well I shant' marry Mr Walker so there! And by the way, mother I forgot to tell you, Jimmie is coming to see me tonight.

Mrs

What! Coming to see you, and Stephen coming too? Oh Ceasars Ghost. Mitzie, you make me so mad I could----

Mitzie

Oh mother please (goes and puts her arms around her)

Mrs

Don't touch me! And let me tell you right now, Jimmie West is not going to step a foot in this house. The minute he

lands he's going out on his head, and I'll do it too.

Mitzie, if Stephen J Walker proposes to you tonight and you don't accept him, never speak to me again. Do you hear? Never! (exit L)

Pansy

(enters)

Mitzie
(turning to her) Oh Pansy, I'm so miserable. What would you do if you were me?

Pansy
Grab the Millionaire, Honey. Grab the Millionaire! (exit)
(Mitzie exits with a stamp of her foot)

***** NUMBER 1 *****

(The door bell rings off stage)

Mrs
(enters) Pansy, answer the door?

Pansy
(enters) If its Jimmie shall I let him in?

Mrs
No----Yes, I'll talk to him.

Pansy
All right. I sure pity him. (opens door) Come in she'll talk to you before she lands you on the head.

Mrs
Pansy! That will do.

Pansy
I thought it would. (exit)

Jimmie
(enters C . He carries a small box of chocolates. Jimmie is neat, young and good looking) How---how do you do? Mrs Devere.

Mrs
I want to see you, young man.

Mimmie
Yes, ma'am.

Mrs
You came to see Mitzie of course.

Jimmie
Yes, ma'am.

Mrs
Well you're not going to see her. How do you like that?

Jimmie
Why not?

Mrs
Because I said so. I don't want you hanging around here. My daughter is going to marry a man of wealth and position.

Mimmie
You surely must be joking.

Mrs
(seeks at him) Do I look as if I were joking?

Jimmie
No ma'am.

Mrs
You two young fools haven't any brains. You think you're in love, but you're just dizzy thats all. There is no such thing as love. You're nothing but a common steel worker, what right have you to ask for my daughter in marriage?

Jimmie
Because I think Mitzie would be happy with me.

Mrs
Happy! Bbsh! She'd be happy wracking her head off in some dinky little bungalow with a dozen brats squalling around her.

Jimmie
We're not going to live in a bungalow.

Mrs
No, like as not, you'll live in the gutter. Listen, here,

I've been through the mill. I know. Mitzie has a chance to marry a man with plenty of money. She won't have to work or do anything and she can have all the clothes and diamonds she wants, and I can have a great big limosine to drive around in. Do you think I'm going to let her pass up such a chance just to marry you.

Jimmie

But Mrs Devere, you can't make Mitzie marry someone she doesn't love.

Mrs

And how do you know she doesn't love this man?

Jimmie

Because she said--

Mrs

Oh because she said she loved you, is that it. Wheres your brains do you believe everything a woman tells you? (shows him a box of jewelery) Do you see all this? Theres ten thousand dollars worth of jewelery right there. Who gave them to her? Why did he give them to her---because he loved her. Can't you see for yourself? If you/s/ she didn't care for him, why did she accept these gifts? Why you little greeny, all of the time she been playing a double game. All you've got is good looks, but that don't buy diamonds or pearls, and that is what a woman has to have.

Jimmie

You mean--

Mrs

I mean that you should try to forget this silly love affair. Its impossible, and its not fair to me either. I've got my eye on the future, and you are not in the picture, so kindly fade away. Go get you some girl who hasn't the chance Mitzie has. You'll be just as happy, and you won't cause so much misery either. The best thing you can do is go away and never come back.

Jimmie

Perhaps you're right.

Mrs

Of course I am. Mitzie is dressing now, and can't see you. It is best that you say nothing, just go away. You'll soon forget. Mitzie will marry the man that she should.

Jimmie

Perhaps. But I'll not forget. Mrs Devere, you are wrong when you say that I'll forget, because I won't.

Mrs

Well, theres no use in remembering it.

Mitzie

(off stage) What time is it, Pansy.

Mrs

Quick, there she is now. Don't stay here. It will make it all the harder, it will also be embarrassing for her. Go oh (takes his hat from his hand and puts it on his head) Heres your hat. Whats your hurry?

Jimmie

All right, but---who is this guy she's going to marry?

Mrs

(proudly) The man you work for. Stephen J Walker who owns the Steel mills.

Jimmie

Stephen J Walker, why I---

Mrs
(shoves him out C door and slams the door) Oh shut up and tell it to the Marines. Thank heavens he's gone.

Mitzie
(enters) Mother, I thought I heard Jimmie's voice. Where is he?
Mrs
He's gone.

Mitzie
Gone?

Mrs
I told him everything.

Mitzie
Mother, you didn't tell him about Mr Walker, did you.

Mrs
I did. And he said he was glad you were marrying him, because he was going to get married next month himself. (aside) Heaven help a liar, but I need the money.

Mitzie
(exit crying)

Mrs
Crying is she? Well she soon get over that. When she gets all of the fine things old man Walker will give her, she'll be too busy looking at 'em to even think about this puppy love affair of hers. Grab the Millionaire, that's my motto! (exit)

***** NUMBER 2 *****

STEPHEN J WALKER
(RINGS DOOR BELL C)

Pansy
(enters) There's the door bell. I suppose this is the millionaire. I wish he was in love with me. Oh Baby!

Mrs
(enters) Quick Pansy open the door! Its Mr Walker, and I'll just bet he's loaded down with presents for us. Open the door.

Pansy
(opens C Door and Stephen enters, with boxes and bundles stacked high above his head in his arms) Santa Claus! Kiss me!

Stephen
(laughing heartily) Well here I am. Thought I never would make it from the car.

Mrs
Oh Mr Walker, I'm so glad to see you. Pansy, take his coat and hat.

Pansy
I thought I'd wait until he took them off first, if you don't mind.

Stephen
(hands them to Pansy) Here you are, Pansy.

Pansy
(hang them up)
Stephen

Where's Mitzie?

Mrs
She's upstairs. Pansy, go tell her that Mr Walker is here. Oh Mr Walker, Mitzie could hardly wait until you got here. I do believe the dear girl is in love with you. (shove him) You old shiek!

Pansy
If the Lord loved a liar he'd take that woman to heaven on high.
(exit L)

Stephen
(opening a box and handing it to Mrs) Heres a little coat I bought for you.

Mrs
Isn't it gorgeous? Oh Mr Walker. You're just too sweet!
(he helps her put the coat on) Its simply gorgeous!

Stephen
Do you like it?

Mrs
Its perfect, and it just fits my shape!

Stephen
Theres some candy there too (point to ten pound candy box)

Mrs
Oh my favorite chocolates. (opens another box) Oh! Look at this! (holds up necklace)

Stephen
That is for---er Mitzie.

Mrs
Yes---for Mitzie (puts it around her neck) I'm sure she'll like it. My it goes well with MY dress. Oh Mr Walker how can we ever thank you?

Stephen
Don't tryk please.

Mitzie
(enters followed by Pansy)

Mrs
Oh heres Mitzie now.

Mitzie
How do you do, Mr Walker.

Stephen
(taking her hands) Mitzie! How pretty you look in that dress.
Did I buy it.

Mitzie
No I made this myself.

Mrs
Isn't she silly? She wore it to show you that she could sew. Look at my coat Mitzie. Isn't it wonderful? And look at these beads/ pearls. They are for you, but I shall wear them---for ---er a little while.

Pansy
A little while. That old hons married to them and there won't be any divorce either.

Mrs
(walking about the room affected) Oh James, drive me to the Opera. Isn't that funny every time I put on a fur coat I think about going to the Opera? And my what a co-incidence, the Chicago Civic Opera is at Pennsylvania Theatre tonight.

Stephen
Would you like to go the opera?

Mrs
Oh I'd love it. But Mr Walker, yousurely don't think that I was hinting for you to take us, do you?

Stephen
Of course not.

Pansy
That old dame could squeeze water out of the Sahara desert.

Stephen
You want to go to the opera don't you, Mitzie?

Mitzie
I am really not particular, Mr Walker.

Stephen

Mitzie, haven't I known you long enough to have you call me Stephen
Mrs

Oh my goodness yes. Mr Walker, you should never be called anything but Stephen, I'll call you Steve (giggle)

Stephen

By the way, how are the roses I had my gardener plant on your back porch blooming... Are they all right.

Mrs

Oh yes, and you must see them (takes off coat) (lays it on chair) Come with me right now. They look so beautiful in the moonlight too. Mitzie take Mr Walker's hand and lead him out to the porch.

Mitzie

(Mitzie stands still)

Mrs

(roughly) Yes, take Mr Walker's hand, dear (grabs it and makes her take his hand) Come on! (yanks them both off R)

Pansy

(looking after them and laughing) Oh if she aint a pain in the neck, but I got to give her credit for knowing how to get the dough. If old man Walker don't look out he'll be in the poor house. Gee, look at the swell things he brought. Wonder how I'd look in that coat? Whibbs she's gone I'll try it on. (puts coat on) Oh I feel like a rizzly bear now. Gee, I'd like to go to that opera. I bet I'd cut a figure. Oh daddy! (affects Mrs walk and actions) Oh James drive me to the opera. Isn't that funny every time I think about putting on a fur coat I think about going to the opera? Oh for goodness sakes. (takes a chocolate out of the box and just gets it to her mouth)

Mrs

(enters R) Pansy, what are you doing?

Pansy

(quick exit L) Not a darn thing!

***** NUMBER *****

3

Mitzie

(enters followed by Mrs)

Mrs

Are you already for the opera, Mitzie?

Mitziem

Oh mother I feel so miserable. Please don't make me go to the operar.

Mrs

You'll go to that opera or the hospitle. Now take your chibice.

Mitzie

(sits down on sofa and cries)

Mrs

Now just stop that crying. You're just a brainless little fool, and you don't know what you do what. Now Stephen is going to propose to you tonight before we go the opera and if you turn him down, I'll never speak to you again. Mitzie, have some brains.. We've got a gold mine here, and all we 've got to do is dig, and believe me I've sure got some shovel. You owe it to me, your mother. I've spent the best years of my life raising you, and now I' want to ride to the end of my days in Rolls Royces. Don't you dare turn him down. Dry your eyes, now and look sweet. Here he comes.

Stephen

(enters R) That back porch is beaut

Stephen

(enters R) That back porch is certainly beautiful with the roses and---the moonlight.

Mrs

Oh its terribly romantic out there. I don't see how any one could resist it. (gives Walker a wink and nudge) I'll go fix my self for the opera. You and Mitzie can talk. I just know you're dying to be alone. Go ahead and propose(aside) She'll say yes, and I give my consent freely. (exit L)

Stephen

(takes out handkerchief) (awkwardly) Warm, isn't it?

Mitzie

Yes.

Stephen

Er---whats the matter, Mitzie. You look as if you had been crying. Have you?

Mitzie

No.

Stephen

(sits down on edge of sofa) (cough) We've had some wonderful times together, haven't we?

Mitzie

You've been very kind, Mr Walker.

Stephen

I'd like to do more for you, Mitzie. (moves little closer) You hav n't had a chance to enjoy the real luxuries of life. Doesn't this little cottage here make you want something bigger and more lavish. Don't get tired of it all?

Mitzie

I---Oh I don't know.

Stephen

(slowly puts his arm around her) Mitzie, why don't you let me take you to that big old home of mine. I'll take your mother with me, and you can have anything that your heart would desire.

Mitzie

There are somethings that money, won't buy, Mr Walker.

Stephen

Yes, it won't always buy happiness, or drive away loneliness. I've found that out. With all my millions, Mitzie, I'm the loneliest man in town. My wife died when my son was only five years old. He kept me from missing her so much until he grew up, then---well you know how fathers and sons are. I was awfully hot tempered and so was he. One day we had a quarrel. My boy said that he never wanted to see me again. And I told him the feeling was mutual. He said he didn't want my money---that he would make his own way. Well, he left me, and I've never heard of him since. When you lose such close ties as that, you can't help but miss them.

Mitzie

Yes, its hard to lose the ones that you love.

Stephen

Until I met you, Mitzie, I never knew what it was to be happy. Since I've found you I've lived a new life. Mitzie, Mitzie, don't you think that you could learn to love me. I know I'm older than you, but Mitzie, I want you, I've got to have you.

Mitzie

Oh I---

Stephen

Please don't say no. Mitzie, I'll do everything to make you

happy. Please won't you marr me?

Mitzie

(suddenly) Yes, I will.

Stephen

Mitzie! (starts to take her in his arms)

Mitzie

(suddenly rebelling) Wait! Mr Walker, I want you to know that I can never learn to love you. Its foolish to think that I could. Are you willing to marry me when you understand that?

I can't and I won't decieve you any longer. Your money tempted me---and it was you money that caused me to lose one I really loved.

Stephen

You - -you mean there is someone you loved?

Mitzie

Yes, I loved him and don't care who knows it, and it wasn't for the love of money either. But its too late now, I've lost him, forever. (drops down on sofa and cries)

Stephen

Mitzie, I'm sorry. I didn't know. Don't cry, Mitzie. I'm just an old fool. I thought that my money could buy you I guess. I wanted you because I was lonely. I wanted that gloomy old home of mine brightened with your sunshine. Mitzie, I'll not stand in your way. Please don't be angry with me. I never knew.

Mrs

(breezes in L) Well is it all over? When's the wedding?

Walker

I'm afraid there will be no wedding, Mrs Degere.

Mrs

What? Did ~~she~~ turn you down?

Stephen

I should have never thought of it. ~~And~~ I should like me wanting to marry a girl like Mitzie.

Mrs

(sits down and cries loudly) Oh Mitzie, I'll never forgive you. Oh you little fool! You little fool!

Mitzie

Oh mother, please---

Mrs

Oh don't speak to me. Don't speak to me. I'll never forgive you.

(They both cry Stephen in the center of them)

Stephen

(wipes eyes with hankerchief) There, there, don't cry. Its all right. By Jingo you'll have me doing it in a minute. Mitzie, if theres any way in the world that I can bring your lover to you, I'll do it. I'll find him and tell him myself.

Mitzie

No its too late. He's gone forever. He'll never come back.

Jimmie

(enters C) *The Devil I won't!*

Mitzie

Jimmie! (runs to him)

Jimmie

Mitzie!

Stephen

Jimmie! ~~Jimmie! My son!~~

Jimmie

~~I came back because I couldn't stand it any longer. Mitzie you're not going to marry that man.~~

~~Mitzie, a is / as / at / by / on / of / to / with /~~
~~Yes /~~
 Yes /

Jimmie

I came back because I couldn't stand it any longer. Listen, here, dad, this is my girl and you keep your hands off, hear.

Mrs

What did you call him?

Jimmie

Dad. He's my father.

Mrs

Oh fan me with a tooth pick (falls in chair)

Mitzie

Why Jimmie you never told me that.

Jimmie

I didn't want to tell you. I ran away from home, and have been making my own living and working all the time right in his steel mills and he didn't know it. I guess I showed him I could get along without his money.

Stephen

Yes, my boy you have. But lets forget all of that Jimmie. I'm sorry. I was just to hasty thats all. I've regretted it many a time. Won't you forgive and forget---Jimmie---my son--

Jimmie

(X'ing to him they embrace) Dad!

Stephen

Jimmie, my boy!

Mitzie

I can hardly believe it.

Mrs

(recovering) Well, Jimmie, I always did say you were a nice boy, and you know I've always been willing for you and Mitzie to get married.

Stephen

Take her my boy The next time I propose to someone I'll ask them if they're acquainted with my son.

Jimmie

Mitzie! (they embrace)

Stephen

Well---its ---er getting pretty late (take hat and cane) I guess I'd better be going. An old man like me can't stand too much of this excitement in one day. So I'll---I'll say goodnight. (starts up to C door)

Mrs

(rushing up and grabbing him by the arm) Oh no you don't. Now Steve don't you go to thinking you're an old man because you're not. I know just how lonely you must be. (winking) (voice soft) Oh Steve, lets go out on the back porch and--er look at the roses, and the moonlight (she leads him out R)

***** F I N A L E *****